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## Devotion.

(To Our Frontispiece.)

**E**ASTER TIDE, of all seasons, is the season when Christian devotion finds much stimulating thought in the events connected with Easter. The betrayal, suffering, and death of the Son of God, and His glorious resurrection, are inexhaustible themes for the best and deepest thought. Too frequently, in the rush and noise of the war which rightly claims our service, we are apt to become so engrossed in our work that little time seems to be at our disposal to compose our thoughts and enter into sympathy with the divine purposes, because our own plannings have supplanted them in our minds for the time being. It is, therefore, important that we should bring ourselves at times to cast on one side all other claims to spend some time in true devotional exercises; when we shut out the world from heart and brain and enter into the courts of the Almighty to commune and to behold face to face. David expressed this state of soul so well in his psalms, and the painter has beautifully caught it with his brush and transferred it on canvas. His picture needs no comment; its language is subtle but plain to the soul.

## The Story of the Cross.

**K**NOTHER picture with a message is reproduced in our middle pages. A mother has brought her child and holds it up to behold the cross "whereon they crucified Him." She tells him of the Son of Man, who healed and blessed the people, and who had nowhere to lay His head. The bird in the air carrying a straw to build a nest, and the fox seeking the hole in the ground near the cross, suggests to us how she is telling her babe that the birds of the air have nests, and the foxes have holes, but the Son of Man had nowhere to lay His head. He came to seek and to save that which was lost.

May this picture teach us to direct the gaze of our children in early age towards the cross, that their pliable minds and tender hearts may learn its story well and may understand its lesson. If we could only teach all the young children the matchless love of Jesus there would be few self-seekers, few drunkards and few criminals.

## The Friend of All Men.

The Indispensable Salvationist is Often Brought into Requisition for Many Purposes.

**T**HERE are many instances in the life of a Salvationist when he becomes of material, as well as spiritual, assistance to his fellowmen. "A friend in need is a friend indeed" is an old and well-worn proverb. The Salvationist frequently has the distinction of giving timely aid to those who are the most needy, and for the purpose of illustrating this we have secured at random an experience or two from several officers.

Salvationist Requested to Carry a Letter Full of Money.

The man was quite out of breath as he rushed towards a Lieutenant-Colonel whom he saw on the train, about ready to leave. "You are going to W—, will you kindly take this valuable letter and deliver it for me. It contains a large sum of money." Surely an evidence of the confidence reposed in officers of the Salvation Army.

## Giving Lady a Car Ticket.

The next was a strange request made recently to an officer in Toronto by a lady of good address. Running behind the officer, her face brightening, she said:

"Say, you are an Army man?"

"Yes, madam," replied the officer.

"Then would you be so good as to loan me a car ticket. I have left my place at home and have not time to return. Kindly give me your address and I will return the ticket to you."

Needless to say, the request was granted.

## Timely Aid.

A young man arrived from the Old Land with a sickly wife and family. He called at the Editorial Office. "Can you help us?" he said. An officer was sent to his home, where conditions were serious, and timely aid given.

## Physician and Friend.

Staff-Capt. Gideon Miller relates to us an interesting case. A man came to him while he was stationed at L—, holding his back with both hands as though in great pain. He proved to be a "good case," and one worthy of help. His story was similar to many. He had frequented saloons and boarded at the best hotels until his money, of which he had a fair supply, was all gone. Then at midnight he was cast on the street without a bed. Meeting a companion he was advised to find accommodation in a barn. There he repaired forthwith. He climbed on the roof, a flat one, and, as directed, jumped down through a skylight, expecting, as informed, he would alight on some hay. Instead, the poor fellow fell upon the hard floor of the barn and seriously hurt himself, being unable to move until daylight, suffering great agony. He crawled to the door on his hands and knees, to be received immediately by a policeman, who assisted the unfortunate man to the police-station where he was lodged until trial. He pleaded to be taken to the hospital, but was disqualified for various reasons. Staff-Capt. Miller turned up in the man's extremity and for three weeks gave him rations of oil and good counsel in turns, and finally made a man out of him.

## Acts as Pilot to a Gold-Digger.

It was mid-day but none the more safe for that. In the early days of the mad rush for the precious metal, about ten below Discovery on Bonanza, Staff-Capt. Frank Morris was on his homeward journey from "The Forks," after doing some meetings there the previous night. It was a fourteen-mile walk to Dawson, and he had trudged along somewhat encumbered by a pair of "high water" boots, oblivious somewhat to his surroundings. It was not until a tall, swarthy fellow touched him on the shoulder that he was aware of another presence. Two steely-grey eyes looked into the Staff-Captain's, and a gruff voice said:

"Say, Captain, I'm Skookum Jim, and I am going into Dawson with lots of dough. (Meaning gold.) Have you any objections to my keeping company with you? One never knows what's going to happen to him when he's alone on the trail with his poke pretty full of the gilt."

The miner's request was granted, and the two trudged merrily into the city together affording the Staff-Captain an excellent opportunity to bombard the miner about his soul.

## Prays With a Man on the Street.

Surely the following is a case in point of being in season and out of season. Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Staff-Capt. Taylor were going up St. Antoine Street, Montreal, when a gentleman stopped them on the street in great distress of spirit. Tears were streaming down his face as he said, "Pray for me." Of course they needed not a second invitation but knelt with the man, when he got properly delivered from sin.

## Caring for Homeless Children.

Two forsaken children were brought to our Ottawa Rescue Home, who were found in a house all alone by a policeman. Staff-Capt. Ellery found them so dirty that a first bath made little impression. The heads of the children

were covered with such a tangle of matted hair as to make it necessary to soak them in oil until the next day. In speaking of the matter the Staff-Captain states: "I did not know the youngest, about a year old, after she had received a bath and clean clothes had been put on, when the nurse brought her to my office. There was such a change, I said, 'Can it be the same child?' The other was a girl about ten years of age, whom we were able shortly after to lead to Christ."

"While I have been writing," states the Staff-Captain, "a policeman has brought to me three more neglected little ones—two boys and a girl—the eldest seven years old. They can't speak a word of English."

## A Practical Salvationist and Hard-Hearted Landlord.

We trust we shall be pardoned for saying the landlord was a monster. In the visitation of Staff-Capt. Coombs he came across a very poor family huddled in a back-yard, where they had been thrust by a grasping landlord, and were found without food and very scantily clad, in the middle of winter. The man had tried to find work, but failed. The family were poor, but too proud to beg. Providentially the Staff-Captain called in time to feed the starving wife and children and give practical assistance.

## A Retrospect.

I KNEW her long ago. Ah, yes! In those days she loved greatly. What a flame she was for God and souls! Love's wings carried her right to the battle's front! Nothing was too hard. She dared all for God, and He was in her and with her.

How blessedly did He condescend to use her in pulling sinners out of the fire! What honor He gave her in making her an instrument by which He saved men and women!

The enemy saw it, and watched his chance. One day an easier path was presented to her view.

To tired nerves and weary body, a quiet home of her own, where she would be loved, provided for and protected, looked attractive.

Yet the memories of past vows, unreserved consecrations, and, above all, the great unparalleled example of Calvary's Sacrifice came to mind.

The test was great.

Could she not serve God in a quieter way? Would He not equally accept her from the private devotion of consecrated home life?

How plausible the argument. Surely, if others could serve Him thus she could also?

It was settled. Years have passed by since that day.

Joys and sorrows have mingled in life's course. But the path has not been easier.

Difficulties unthought of, thorns sharp and prickly, encircled even the roses she hoped to gather.

More regrets than she cares to tell have forced themselves upon her. Yet, thank God, He has not forsaken her. How faithfully has He watched over her and kept her hands filled at least with some work for Him, even in the narrower sphere.

Perhaps the greatest joy has been to lead her own dear children to Christ and see in them the promise that in days to come they would fill the gap in the ranks, enter the path from which she turned aside and become soul-winners.

Reader, how about your children? Are you training them for a life of consecration? Do you set before them the only worthy goal—Christ and Humanity!

"Behold, I show you a mystery! We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet; for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."—Paul.

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# CHRIST IN THE CENTRE.

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

T



HE dawn of Good Friday, with its Easter associations, brings vividly to mind again the greatest event in the world's history. How real, intensely real, was the suffering, agony, and torture. Never was sorrow, nor anguish, nor pain like this. Yet in it lay the fulfilment of the promise made centuries

before to benefit the world; the open door to the Father, the gift of God, the culmination of redemption's plan.

Here also was prophecy fulfilled to the very letter, for He drank the cup of bitterness to its dregs.

"Christ, the mighty Maker, dies  
For man, the creature's, sin."

The beginning of a new era for poor fallen man was ushered in at that moment. Christ died—One for all. For me, for thee!

"Upon Him was laid the iniquity of us all."

What wondrous spectacle for heaven and angels. What vision (had but their eyes been open) to those who watched Him die.

## THE GAZING THRONG.

IMAGINE I see them now. Among the number are those who have heard His message, but, alas! have taken no notice of it. Those also whom He had healed, but who had, nevertheless, forgotten to be grateful. Some cowards undoubtedly mingled with the throng.

Men who had shouted "Hosannah!" when He rode in triumph to Jerusalem, but whose lips were closed now as He entered the death-shade.

Backsliders also may have been there. Some who served Him secretly for "fear of the Jews"; others who were afraid of persecution and dare not show their colors.

Open foes and murderers gloated in their opportunity to watch Him die. Men whose hands had gathered or twined the thorns for that cruel crown, whose eagerness was apparent in their wicked haste to spike His gentle hands, or jerk the cross upon which He was nailed into its earth-pit.

Scoffers and unbelievers were there, too, in bold evidence.

But at the foot of the cross was a small, feeble band of loyal, faithful, devoted women. In the hour of His agony and humiliation they were not afraid to own Him. They stood by to the end.

Alas! that all His professed followers did not share in that brave, noble stand; that any one of His chosen disciples remained afar

off, when He needed so much the consolations of their sympathy and fidelity. How precious had it been to His dear heart had all those who claimed to be His friends stood by Him courageously as He voluntarily gave Himself up for the world. But, praise God, there were a few whom He knew as true hearts.

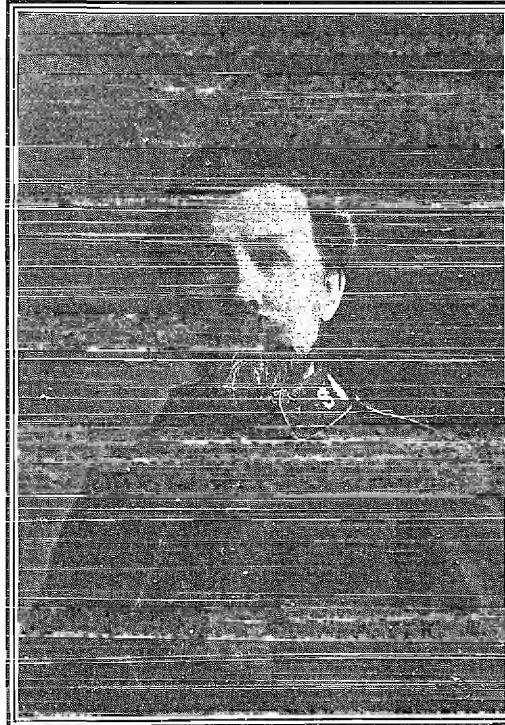
It has ever been so in all ages. God has had His own faithful few upon whom He could count.



## TIMELY QUESTIONS.

UT whilst our thoughts to-day centre round that cross, and the matchless Christ of God, we are constrained to ask ourselves anew—

Why did He die? For whom did He die? And yet a more personal question: What is my thought and attitude toward Him to-day?"



True it is that around His cross this Easter-tide the same classes are represented, viewing His sacrifice—"Watching Him there."

The hypocrite looks; the scoffer turns his scornful eye toward Him; the coward gives a side glance; the secret disciple creeps up in the night; the backslider, with vivid memories of the past, cannot refrain from looking back once more to Him formerly so dear, but, oh! so bitterly wronged; the true follower fain would bathe His feet with tears, owning Him as both Lord and Master, as he

"... sits in wonder viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood."

Oh, that my voice could cry loud enough to reach all classes this Eastertide, whose thoughts shall involuntarily turn to Him, as He is preached about, sung of, portrayed, or celebrated in whatsoever manner, begging all to come to Him, submit to Him, put their neck to His yoke, and own Him, that they might be forgiven, and henceforth live for Him, anointed with the Holy Ghost, telling all around what a Saviour they have found.

## AN OBJECT LESSON TO REJECTORS.

WHAT a lesson the rejector should learn from the punishment meted out to the Jewish nation as a whole for their unparalleled crime of rejecting Him. They cried, "Away with Him! Crucify Him! His blood be upon us and our children!" And truly that generation suffered for their sin as none other in the history of the world has suffered before nor since. Their nation was scattered and decimated. Stone was not left upon stone of their city, and as a people their descendants have been hunted, exiled, and forsaken from that time to this.

Yet men and women to-day are repeating their sin. Crowds still pass Him by, mocking, jeering, careless, and indifferent.

The preacher cries:

"All ye that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh;  
Is it nothing to you that Jesus  
should die?"

But the thoughtless, careless sinner heeds not the message, and passes on unconcerned. What guilt! What enormity of sin! Yet by so doing he decides his own eternal destiny.

To reject Jesus Christ is certain destruction. And, oh! how great, how swift, how irremediable will be the retribution!

Escape to the cross, sinner, ere it be too late!

## Jesus in the Midst.

Of whom was He "in the midst"? The learned? The mighty? Earth's best and noblest?

Nay verily. But of brigands, thieves, malefactors, blasphemers, insurrectionists, murderers, ultra-sinners, outcasts of society, jail-birds.

In their midst to bless, to uplift, to save, to exalt—even to Paradise with Him.

It is ever so. He came to seek and to save the lost, and He is seeking and saving them to-day. Hallowing their company, Himself in their midst. "Despairing of no man," as He said, and in so much as we imbibe His Spirit we shall be found working on the same lines.—Neitic Simco.

"Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha said unto Him, I know he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus saith unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live."—John.



"I know the thoughts that I think towards you," saith the Lord; "thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

**I** was kind of the rector to send me those pansies—me, a poor, sick Salvationist, hard dressed with pain!

And such a bunch of great, glorious pansies, lovely, velvety pansies—purple and gold!

"Have you brought me a message?" I asked them, for they seemed to be trying to speak with their loving, laughing faces, genious, genial hearts-ease.

"Pansies!" from the French "penser," to think. "Pansies for thoughts," wrote Shakespeare.

Whose thoughts? Why, God's thoughts! It was He who made them. Yes, certainly, the pansies are the manifestation of the mind of God. And could it be that he was thinking of me when they were first created? And what thoughts?

Oh, my beautiful pansies, do you bring me that message?

"I know the thoughts that I think toward you," saith the Lord; "thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end."

If then, indeed my Father loves me why should I tremble and fret? Why be afraid when pain fills my cup or though a host of foes be encompassed against me?

But the pansies passed away, both purple and gold; the pain grew sharper, the suffering more acute.

Alas! poor me, the shadows of the valley engulfed me! Night after night I had watched, and dark indeed was the night. I thought of Christ. I remembered Gethsemane. It seemed I understood. Hour after hour I tossed and moaned, sleepless and half fainting, but ever turning towards my Saviour. Then I recalled how it was when

In His Agony He Prayed,  
and I prayed. I prayed to die. Oh! if the



The Agony in Gethsemane.

angels might only come and take me! To go to Heaven! What joy!

"Come, sweet Death!" I cried again and yet again.

Then from the volumes of blackness and depths of weariness it seemed to me Death did appear. It was only a moment's vision conjured up, but, oh, what a glorious, radiant angel! And strange! for the lovely face had the very look of my winsome, sweet-eyed pansies.

I stretched out my arms. "Oh! Take me, take me!" I sobbed in feverish haste. But the gentle angel of the sunshine smiled and vanished.

Of course, it was nothing but the vivid phantasy of an overwrought brain, but it seemed to leave a loneliness beyond endurance. And darkness pressed in on my aching soekets.

Faith could hold out no more. "God has forgotten me!" I groaned. With this I touched the depths. The taunting devil swept in with his ghastly torrent of temptation. It was the hour and power of the prince of the air—anguish so bitter shrouded my spirit.

"You have uttered a wicked thought," hissed the tempter. "Your soul is mine, your path downward."

Ah! but then I remembered my Saviour again. Was it not Christ the Lord who in that last awful hour upon the cross Himself cried out, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Oh! my Jesus! King of my life! Had God forgotten His only begotten Son as He hung expiring on the cross? No! No! No!

Then I knew He had not forgotten me. Oh, no, He would not leave His fainting child! My Father, not forsaken! The Lord had thoughts for me in the darkness as well as in the light.

The devil drew back, repulsed.

Out of the shadows now there trembled a pure, soft glimmering. This was no vision—it was the silver lettering of a text upon the wall, and the stamped printing had caught the

first faint-pencilled ray of a distant dawn. Clearer and more silvery still the words shone out:

"Rejoice Evermore. In Everything Give Thanks."

Yes, glory to God! I had sounded the saddest crisis, and I knew that He was with me. I had learnt my lesson. Truth and light and beauty are external. Darkness and pain and deceit are but things of time and must pass away. Some day old Satan himself shall be chained up.

A little rosy light crept up across the sky. A jubilant robin in the maples charged me to "cheer up!" and I could still rejoice.

The morning broke. The household stirred. A welcome tea-tray soon brought medicine and food. In the full golden glow of sunshine pain abated. Daylight smiled in love and peace.

And I had gathered pansies in Gethsemane. Thoughts that could never fade. Pansies—purple for the shadows and yellow for the light.—F. K.

#### WANTED!—A DOMESTIC.

A woman was looking out of her door to the street. Her maid had left her, and she was, to say the least, considerably inconvenienced on that account. Girls were hard to get. A street car raced by and swift glance caught sight of an Army bonnet. Hope revived. That Army lady could help her. Happily the Salvation Army lassie returned on foot, and as she was passing this particular house was accosted thus: "I am so glad to see you. You are just the one. Tell me where I can secure a girl to help me." Surely another evidence that the Salvationist is becoming indispensable, as the lady could not have gone to a better one for help.

Jesus lives; to Him the throne  
Over all the earth is given.  
May we go where He is gone;  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Amen. —C. F. Giltier.

#### The Lilies Opened Her Heart.

A well-known English worker related this personal incident a few days ago, illustrating the truth that no heart is so fast closed but a key may be found to open it, if the worker for God will be at the pains to seek it:

I was in a station waiting-room prior to the departure of my train, when I noticed a woman sitting at the table with such a look of bitterness on her face that my heart ached for her.

I spoke to her, but she shook me off as sharply as she could.

I tried again, but she rebuffed me again. I prayed in my heart that God would give me some word to say to her, she seemed to need love and friendship so much.

Still she would not hear me, and the tears filled my eyes as I turned away, her words cut me so.

I went out into the street and looked for a flower shop. I could not find one, but presently a young girl came along selling button-hole bouquets. I bought a bunch of lilies of the valley.

The woman did not look very pleased when I re-entered the waiting-room; but I went up to her and said: "Would you mind accepting a few flowers from me?"

You should have seen the change that came into her face in an instant.

The look of bitterness fled; then I found that the way was open and that I could speak to her of Jesus.

Some professing Christians had angered and embittered her by an act of injustice, as she deemed it. She was judging the Lord Jesus Himself by those who were not following Him truly.

Oh! let us be real Christians, and do not let us be turned aside from giving Christ's message to the individual who may at first rebuff us.

Let us win souls at all cost.

## Easter.

*Ring, snow-white bells,  
your purest praise  
To glorify this Easter day,*

*And let our risen Saviour's joy  
Your voiceless, fragrant breath  
employ--*

*Fill every valley with perfume,  
And lighten death's appalling  
gloom;*

*Teach ye our troubled hearts the  
way  
To trust our Saviour every day.*

W. J. R. Taylor.



Adj't. Scott.

THE first impression which one gets of Adj't. Hattie Scott is rather that of a young officer who is only beginning her career, instead of suspecting that she is one of the veterans of the Canadian battlefield, with twenty years' service behind her. Scarcely five feet high, with a bright face and a pleasing inflection in her voice, she does not impress one as formidable, yet her officership has been successful and not lacking in enterprise, courage, and perseverance under difficulty.

Hattie was a school girl in short dresses when the Army opened its seventh Canadian corps at Ingersoll. The rink had been hired by those strange people, who strewed the floor with sawdust and constructed rough seats out of planking laid across blocks of wood. The crowds came for miles to hear the Salvationists, and Hattie was among the early audiences. She caught the fever at once.

One Sunday afternoon the Captain gave the invitation, and among the number who pushed their way to the penitent form was Hattie, crying as if to break her heart. Nobody paid any attention to the little girl, but she prayed hard for herself, and experienced a very definite sense of divine pardon.

Her people, respectable thrifty farmers, lived some four miles from Ingersoll. Hattie rather ran than walked back home for tea, and when the family was seated around the table Hattie told of her new experience.

"I should not think you had any need of going forward, Hattie," said her mother, more in astonishment than rep. of. "You were not bad like people who go forward in the Army."

Hattie burst out crying. "I wanted to be good and be saved," she said. "The Captain said everybody could be saved and live good, and I so wanted to be good!"

Her profession of faith once declared, her great joy returned.

"I seemed to be walking on air," she said, in speaking of that experience; "I was so happy—oh, I was so happy!"

The test, however, came next day at school. It had become known among the children that Hattie had "got saved" in the Army, and the girls, with that genial cruelty which goes with innocent childhood, set about to torment "Happy Sally," as they at once nicknamed Hattie.

"Salvation soldiers should wear S's on their collar—it stands for 'soft soap,'" shouted one of her schoolmates.

"Let us make her mad," suggested another. And, determined to test her patience, they pulled her hair until the pain made her tears come. But she kept true.

"My mother let me go every Sunday to Ingersoll to attend the Army meetings," she

continued, "but warned me that I must be home before dark, or I would not be allowed to go any more. I would work so well and willingly all week to make sure that I could get off for Sunday. I would gladly rather have taken a beating than miss an Army meeting. My whole soul was swallowed up in the Army."

Hattie had attended somewhat over a year when the crisis of her life came, which cast her lot in with the Army as an officer. All



Cadet Scott in Her First Long Dress.

her people belonged to the one church. The mother had for twenty years taught a class in Sunday School herself, and the family expected Hattie would also join the church of her people. When she caught the Army epidemic the mother probably thought that it would wear off, and that in time she would join her mother's church. Hattie, however, had proved quite steadfast in her allegiance to the Army. Some other family trouble agitated mother, causing her much worry, and probably not having had a chance to give expression to her troubles, she felt rather unusually irritated one Sunday morning when Hattie was preparing to go to the Army.

"I don't see why you can't join the church, which is good enough for your father and mother, and your brothers and sisters," the mother said, petulantly. "One thing is sure, you will have to give up the Army or find another home."

Hattie was struck to hear her mother speak like this. However, she had made her choice, and acted determinedly. Putting on extra clothing, she left home for good. Young as she was, still in short dresses, she scarcely

understood the importance of the step, and probably took her mother's words too literally.

She stayed with the officers at Ingersoll that night. Next morning her parents drove into town, and mother called at the officers' quarters for her girl. Hattie, however, told her mother she was determined to do what she felt God wanted her to do, and her parents did not resort to compulsion, but left her, although with tears, to choose her own path.

When, a few days after this,

Commissioner Coombs visited Ingersoll, the Captain introduced Hattie to him as a Candidate.

"But my child, you are very young and very small," said the Commissioner, putting a hand upon her head.

"But I have a big heart, sir," replied the girl, "and I do want to be good and be a when stationed at Orillia. Cadet in the Army."

The Commissioner looked at her and thought for a time.

"Well, you will hear from me. In the meantime, stay here," he said.

A few days later she received her appointment as Cadet, and orders to go to Thameville.

To be a Cadet! My, what an accomplishment! It was just what she wanted, of course. The life and dash of the Army, the chances of getting people saved, and leading men into better lives, was heaven on earth, and Hattie was very happy that day. But when she went to her appointment, saw strange faces all about her, and found life so different, she became a very homesick little girl. If she had not left like she did, she would have gone home. But she thought that she had forever estranged herself to her parents and did not dare to go home. She grew pale and sick at heart, could neither eat nor sleep, but wept a great deal.

"If I only could have had a sight of the dear old collie dog we had at the farm, and which had been a great pet of mine, I think I could have stopped crying and been happy again."

However, gradually she became used to surrounding conditions and began to take a new interest in her work. Her mother sent her warm clothing (but no letter with it) when the cold weather came, and she finally got a long dress. She thought now she was indeed becoming a woman, and the Captain gave her money to get her photo taken, which we reproduce herewith.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hattie went to many appointments after this, but she has in all her career remained chiefly in Western Ontario. She has had many interesting experiences, one of which we especially like to mention because it goes to show the mettle that is in her.

(To be continued.)

#### NEEDED AN ARMY LASSIE'S HELP.

A poor girl was helplessly intoxicated on Yonge Street, Toronto. She had been followed for several blocks by a curious mob of unsympathetic individuals. A policeman's attention being drawn to the forlorn creature he arrested her. The crowd was dense as they waited for the patrol wagon. A voice near said:

"I do wish a Salvation Army lady had been here; the poor girl would have been saved."

The remark is an evidence of how people look to the officers of the Army in cases of this kind.

"My flesh and my heart fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever."—Psalm.

## Stories of

### I.—"JACK'S T

'Twas the suffering  
The dying of Je  
It broke my heart,  
Wonderful Jesus

### B



Ensign Scott.

replenish the dwindled life.

To him, apparently, life or purpose—thieving with

What wonder, then, that a wretched father and mother, an untimely grave, Jack's life as it appeared to him, was

ing his fellowmen?

He was a mere lad, yet evading the law and just clever, when the first taste was meted out to him.

From that time onward, years, Jack's expenses of

From reformatory to day or two's freedom to go for another more daring eritably in a longer and sentence, Jack swung door on hinges.

Mission, Sabbath School were places he only frequented of freedom to find better crowd of thrusting his pocket.

In fact, whithersoever he went it was only as a means to facilitate that end.

Inside the walls, Jack the incorrigible was desperate and hard to manage. The yoke of subordination always chafed angrily upon his neck. Discipline he hated. Toil was an abhorrence. Obedience an unknown quantity in his spirit.

Yet the rigors of prison chastisements, stripes, lashes, dungeons, manacles, and what not, neither tamed nor subdued him.

Never a tear of penitence, sorrow, or grief rolled down his hardened cheek.

Never a moment's subjection changed his angry, sulien, or violent moods.

His hand was against every man's, and every man's hand was against him.

One day the Army officer, in addressing the prisoners within a certain penitentiary, chose for his theme the sufferings of Christ from the Cross.

The melting, moving Sorrows, who knew no mouth no words of grace reached the stony heart

tood the importance of the and probably took her words too literally. stayed with the officers at all that night. Next morning parents drove into town, other called at the officers' for her girl, Hattie, how told her mother she was decided to do what she felt God her to do, and her parents resort to compulsion, but, although with tears, to her own path. In a few days after this, a

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When stationed at Orillia.  
y."

one looked at her and  
I'll hear from me. In the  
re," he said.

she received her appoint-  
d orders to go to Thames-

My, what an accomplish-  
just what she wanted, of  
ind dash of the Army, the  
people saved, and leading  
ves, was heaven on earth,  
very happy that day. But  
to her appointment, saw  
about her, and found life so  
me a very homesick little  
not left like she did, she  
ome. But she thought that  
estranged herself to her  
ot dare to go home. She  
at heart, could neither eat  
t a great deal.

I have had a sight of the  
we had at the farm, and  
great pet of mine, I think  
ed crying and been happy

ally she became used to  
tions and began to take a  
r work. Her mother sent  
(but no letter with it)  
ther came, and she finally  
She thought now she was  
woman, and the Captain  
get her photo taken, which  
with.

many appointments after  
n all her career remained  
Ontario. She has had  
experiences, one of which  
o mention because it goes  
that is in her.

(continued.)

#### ARMY LASSIE'S HELP.

helplessly intoxicated on  
onto. She had been fol-  
locks by a curious mob of  
viduals. A policeman's  
wn to the forlorn creature  
e crowd was dense as they  
e wagon. A voice near

ation Army lady had been  
would have been saved."  
evidence of how people  
of the Army in cases of  
—————  
y heart faileth, but God  
my heart and my portion.

## Stories of Our Prison Work.

By Staff-Capt. Mrs. Simco.

### I.—JACK'S TUMBLE.

'Twas the sufferings of Jesus,  
The dying of Jesus,  
It broke my heart, won my heart,  
Wonderful Jesus!

**B**

ORN of drunken parents; reared, trained, and disciplined to serve the ends of their dissipation, by providing cash for their indulgences, what could any student of humanity expect of poor Jack but a criminal career?

His earliest reminiscences point back to many a severe whipping because he had not successfully plundered somebody's pocket, or secured a good enough haul to replenish the dwindled liquor supply.

To him, apparently, life had but one end, or purpose—thieving without being caught.

What wonder, then, that even after his wretched father and mother had sunk into an untimely grave, Jack's only possible career, as it appeared to him, was to live by plundering his fellowmen?

He was a mere lad, yet he succeeded in evading the law and justice until the age of eleven, when the first taste of prison discipline was meted out to him.

From that time onward for nigh twenty years, Jack's expenses of living were charged to the State.

From reformatory to prison, with only a day or two's freedom to give the opportunity for another more daring exploit, ending inevitably in a longer and sterner conviction and sentence, Jack swung to and fro, as the door on hinges.

Mission, Sabbath School, or church service were places he only frequented in an interval of freedom to find better opportunity in a crowd of thrusting his hand in another's pocket.

In fact, whithersoever he went it was only as a means to facilitate that end.

Inside the walls, Jack the incorrigible was desolate and hard to manage. The yoke of subordination always chafed angrily upon his neck. Discipline he hated. Toil was an abhorrence. Obedience an unknown quantity in his spirit.

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His hand was against every man's, and every man's hand was against him.

One day the Army officer, in addressing the prisoners within a certain penitentiary, chose for his theme the sufferings of Christ from the Garden to the Cross.

The melting, moving story of the Man of Sorrows, who knew no sin, and from whose month no words of guile ever proceeded, reached the stony heart of poor, obdurate

Jack. That such an one suffered, the just for the unjust, for very love of rebellious sinners, broke up the fountain of his bitterness, and tears came slowly to his eyes, as the realization dawned upon him, coursing down their unbidden track.

The meeting closed, and Jack sprang to his feet.

"Boys," said he, characteristically, turning to his fellow-prisoners, "I am going to take a tumble to-night. I never knew or thought anything about religion. I have always been amused when I saw or heard men praying. It reminded me of a dog barking against the moon. But I have a presentiment here to-night that this religion is the square thing, and had I had it years ago I would not be the poor devil I am in a prison cell to-day."

"I don't know how to pray, boys, I don't know anything about it—but I'm going to take a tumble here to-night."

The meeting closed, but the Army officer grasped his hand, and assured him that he, too, would pray for him, ere the prisoners went in silent file to the solitude of their darkened cells.

That night a cry rose from Jack's burdened, sin-stained heart to the throne of God.

True, prayer-language did not come readily to his lips.

He knew not what to say, nor how to articulate words. Neither did he feel any sense



A Meeting in the Central Prison.

waking he hardly knew which, Jack saw his Saviour, with tender, compassionate face, looking, as he expressed it afterwards, "all goodness and love."

"I was standing outside the most lovely garden watching Him," he continued. "He never spoke a word, but He looked upon me, and it was all love and compassion, and His look broke my heart."

"I found myself weeping, and as I returned to consciousness I got down upon my knees by the cot side, and the sense of pardon and peace came into my soul."

A radical change was produced upon Jack's character and life—so real and convincing that for the next fifteen months the prison officials were able to give him their entire confidence.

In due course a clerkship was assigned him, which for some months he honorably filled.

In the meantime the Army was searching out his relatives.

He had one married sister, who, however, had not heard of him at all for twenty-three years.

Her husband was the foreman of a large mill, and they resided in British Columbia.

Upon communication it was found that they were willing to receive him, and his brother-in-law promised to give him a start at the mill.

Imagine the joy of poor Jack's sister, a good Christian woman, on hearing of his genuine conversion!

Nor was Jack himself less thankful. His heart beat loud and fast when, the ticket being purchased, he boarded the cars for his new home.

"This must come from God," said he, with visible emotion.

True, Jack; for no power but divine could work so great a miracle.

### II.—AN OLD JAILBIRD.

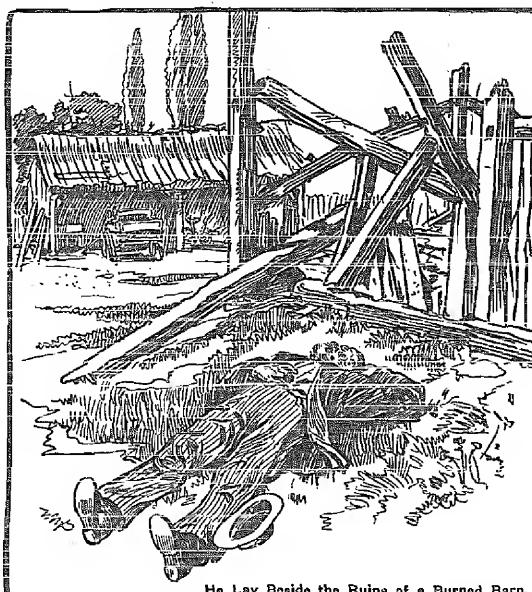
**H**E was an old man when I found him," said Brigadier Archibald, "during the course of my rounds in a certain prison."

He had then served eighteen years and four months of the life-service under which he was now bound.

Drink was the primary cause. He had just been discharged from the Central Prison, where he was incarcerated, and having returned to his old haunts, and taken enough to stupify him again, he wandered, he knew not where, until next morning he awoke to find himself under arrest again, as he lay beside the ruins of a burned barn.

Only the mercy of God had protected his

(Continued on page 14.)



He Lay Beside the Ruins of a Burned Barn.

of relief, as weary at last he stretched himself upon his cot.

Do you wonder that the Lord, in infinite compassion, chose to teach this lonely, untaught man by a vision what he had never learned for himself through the pages of sacred record?

There in the night watches, sleeping or





See the land here keeping,  
Rises as his life rose;  
Seeds, so long in sleep sleeping,  
Burst at last in winter's snow.  
Earth with heaven here rejoices;  
Fields and woods hail the spring;  
Sloughs and wastes ring with voices,  
While the wild world build and sing.  
—Charles Kingsley.

#### EASTER BUMPHS.

OH, this Easter time this promise beyond the grave, lifting us from our hearts, sooth-  
ing the furrows from the cross, kissing the fears  
from our souls, just as Christ Himself waded  
through Jordan, came to tide; walked through  
the shadows, leaving the light; laid in the cold sod,  
robbing its chill; waded in the tomb to burst  
its bonds, win its bane, crush its strength, and  
quench its sting.—Commissioner Eva Booth.

#### THE POWER OF LIFE.

EASTER to me always teaches that the only power  
that can bring life to death is the power of  
God. Christ's body was laid in the grave until  
now had not the Son of God entered into it. All  
the powers of earth failed to prevent death or  
to restore the dead. None can do this. Easter  
teaches also that we are raised from the tomb  
of sin and sorrow to an eternal life of righteousness  
and joy. "And that which raised up Jesus  
from the dead dwelt in his mortal body," as Paul  
has said; and this power is not offered to Paul  
alone, but to me, to you, etc. Oh, blessed reality!  
—Commissioner Boothberg.

#### WHAT IS CROSS-BEARING?

ANY of the painful experiences that follow our  
deliberate choice. All real true cross-  
bearing has a double value—it forms our char-  
acter, makes it perfect through suffering; we cannot claim any  
merit for it, are not saved by it, but this is that the result upon  
our character will be the same as  
upon Christ's. So we not only  
get the cross in our work, but in  
our hearts. Bramwell Booth.

Tomb, shall not hold Him  
Death, but life is stronger;  
Strong in the dark, the light;  
Strong in the weak, the right.  
Faith, the triumphant say,  
"Christ risse on Easter Day."  
—Phillips Brooks.

#### E CROSS.

THE cross! A sharp knock to my soul when  
I shrink and run from it, but a stepping-  
stone to victory and conquest, joy and power  
when I bear it boldly and consistently.—Yours in  
the shame and the cross, W. Edwin  
Oiphant, Commissioner.

#### THE WAY.

GETHSEMANE meant suffering and  
death to our Lord, but it was the only way to  
the accomplishment of His work—the salvation  
of the world. He led us to the glorious triumph  
of Easter morning. To live daily in the true  
spirit of the cross. There is no life without death;  
no fruitful service without sacrifice. Rejoice in  
resurrection life. Let us die daily, seeking and  
saving others every day.—Brigadier S. Recs.

THREE crosses, but only two criminals. The  
innocent One is almost the sole object of interest,  
though not of pity, save to a few, but of their  
exercitations, curses, and insults, to which, as they lift  
the cross, and the weight of His body hangs on ten-  
der and lacerated sinews, causing exquisite pain. He  
only replies, "Father, forgive them, they know not  
what they do."—Brigadier Southall.

#### KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE CROWN.

IT was for the glory that was set before Him that  
Christ endured the humiliation and suffering of  
the cross. Let us keep our eyes fixed steadily on the  
crown immortal, then our sacrifices, and services,  
and sufferings for Christ's cause will seem light and  
trivial in comparison. The seal of the Sanhedrim,  
a regiment of soldiers from the town, a floor of

grace, that they may obtain mercy and find grace,  
but let us come to the One Mediator. There is none  
other Christ, and Christ only.

"There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands."

It should cheer us to know that He not only  
stands there pleading the merits of His blood for  
our sins, but He also takes our prayers and services,  
so faulty, and of themselves so poor, and presents  
them as offerings from His throne, so that He is  
ever the Man on our side, a continual priest entered  
within the veil.—Lieut.-Colonel Unsworth, Aus-  
tralia.

#### AN EASTER EXPERIENCE.

THE man who has accepted Christ as his right-  
eousness, justification, sanctification, and re-  
demption, enjoys at all times a calm peace which  
the world cannot disturb. He loves to dwell at  
Calvary, yet possesses an Easter experience in his  
soul. He has risen with his Lord to face the battles  
of life and help to win the world to purity. Christ  
hath begotten him again unto a lively hope by His  
resurrection. There is a certainty in His experience  
that all sin has been forgiven—he live, in the light  
and claims victory daily. Reader, are you one of  
that number who have washed their robes and are  
ready to follow Christ? Not only when the cause  
looks promising and the followers are many, but  
are yet equally ready to follow Him to the judg-  
ment hall, when the crowd turns their backs upon  
Him?

Standing as you do upon the threshold of another  
Easter, does it not behove you to examine carefully  
the foundation upon which your character is built?  
Is your religion a holiday affair, meant only for fine  
weather and Sundays, or will it stand the test of  
Golgotha?

How much does your allegiance mean? What  
does your faith amount to? Are you eager to give  
to Jesus the best you have? Are you willing to  
sacrifice rather than deny Him? Such tests alone  
prove your sincerity.—John D. Sharp, Lieutenant-  
Colonel.

#### THE POWER OF RESURRECTION.

EASTER speaks to us of many things. Of hope,  
power, life, and blessings innumerable. Where  
I am penning these lines I can look out upon a rushing  
flow of water forcing its way into the great St.  
Lawrence, thence on to the mighty ocean.

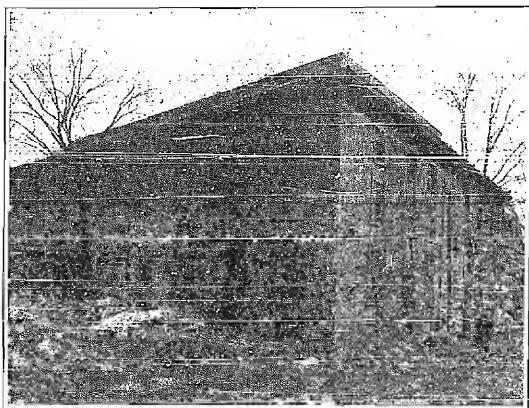
This torrent is caused by the usual spring ice  
break. The water, bound by winter's frost, now  
bursts its bands by reason of spring's warm influence,  
and in one teeming mass rushes past me. So  
this Easter tide we are reminded that from the burst  
tomb all the pent-up blessings brought by Calvary's  
sacrifice rush out to flow down through the river of  
time on to the great ocean of eternity.

Calvary's hill speaks of pardon; the burst tomb of  
liberty. The cross demonstrated to a lost race love's  
sacrifice, while the empty tomb showed to the world  
that resurrection power belongeth to God only.—C.  
Arthur Perry, Staff-Capt.

#### A NEW VISION.

A HAPPY and a glorious Easter will this one be  
to all of us who get a new vision of the risen  
Christ, and prostrate ourselves in humble adoration  
at His feet and cry out, "Rabboni, Rabboni!" Then  
shall we set our hearts, lifted into a new atmosphere,  
on things above, and reach an actual higher life.  
We shall know more of what it is to live with Christ,  
in Christ, for Christ, and by Christ, till we reach the  
marvelous light around the throne in glory.—Theo-  
dore L. Cuyler, D.D.

## The S. A. Crusade in Montreal.



Montreal New Property, Cathcart and University  
Sts., Now Undergoing Alterations.

**T**HE advent of the Salvation Army to Montreal was not hailed with delight, but sticks and stones took the place of bouquets. Persecution was rampant, imprisonment frequent, and only after many months of perseverance, under most trying circumstances, did we succeed in making appreciable progress.

To-day the Army has won the respect and good will of the citizens of both nationalities, and has the protection of the civil authorities.

The Headquarters of the Québec and East Ontario Province is located here. Four corps—three English and one French—a Women's Rescue Home, and a Women's Shelter are now operated in the city.

Splendid new premises were secured some time ago, and have been already considerably improved. One front has been changed to contain the Provincial Offices, and quarters for three officers' families. The other front will be re-constructed to contain a large auditorium, smaller hall, junior rooms, and other accommodation for the No. I. corps, which is at present located in a section which has gradually been transformed into a business district. Their old historic barracks on Alexander Street will be utilized for



General Offices of the Provincial Headquarters.

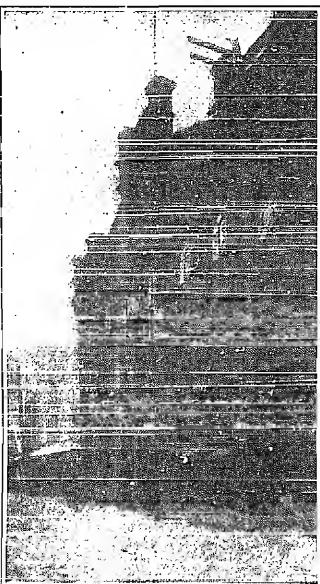
*"Oh, it was pitiful, near a whole city full—  
Home the end was."*

**I**T was for such unfortunates—fallen and homeless—that the S. A. Rescue Home on Seigneur Street was established—a suitable haven of refuge for the poor wanderer, who is, "still for all slips of his," one for whom Christ lived and died.

The present building is entirely too small for this important branch of social and religious work. "It breaks my heart to refuse any poor girl who seeks admission," said the officer in charge. Christian hearts must surely respond to need so apparent, and by their liberality assist the S. A. officers to provide a more commodious Home. Where can be found a work more truly Christlike?—"To rescue the fallen, and save others from falling."

There are at present in the Home three cases of girls from thirteen to fifteen years of age, who had been found beyond the control of home influences. They were accustomed to keeping bad company, and remaining out at night. These are what Adjutant Lowrie terms "preventive cases," and is one of the most interesting features of this splendid mission. They are all giving satisfaction under the mild but effectual reformatory system and Christian influence of the Salvation Army.

Several of the girls rescued were ruined in the vicinity of their own homes, and came to Montreal under the pretext of securing situations, in order to conceal their shame from their parents. Happily, instead of falling into the hands of such traffickers in vice as swarm in this city, they found their way to the S. A. Rescue Home. They are placed in the Women's Hospital and looked after by the Adjutant and her assistants.



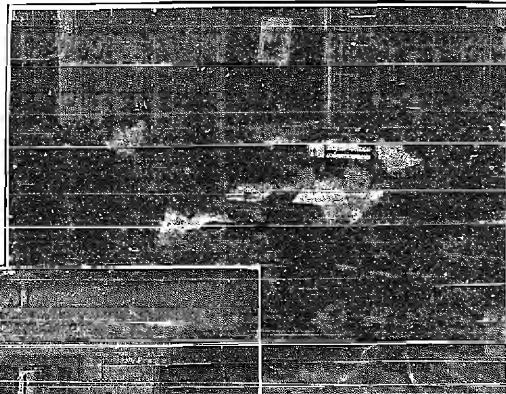
The Historic St. Alexander St. Barracks.

some other purposes of the war not yet decided upon. Redolent with tender memories of the many thousands who here rose from darkness into light, we shall always cherish pleasant recollections of this hallowed edifice.

At this time there are in the Home eleven women and ten children.

One evening, about six months ago, a girl about twenty-two years of age, came to the Home seeking admission, declaring that she was tired of leading an evil life. She had been a domestic servant. Strong drink had brought about her downfall. Finding a refuge within the sheltering Home, she was led to give herself to God, and is now endeavoring to live a Christian life.

It is scarcely possible to form a true estimate of the blessing and benefits emanating

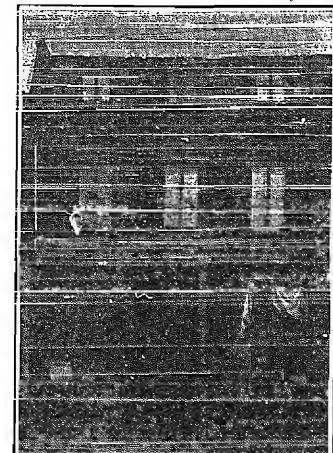


The French Hall.

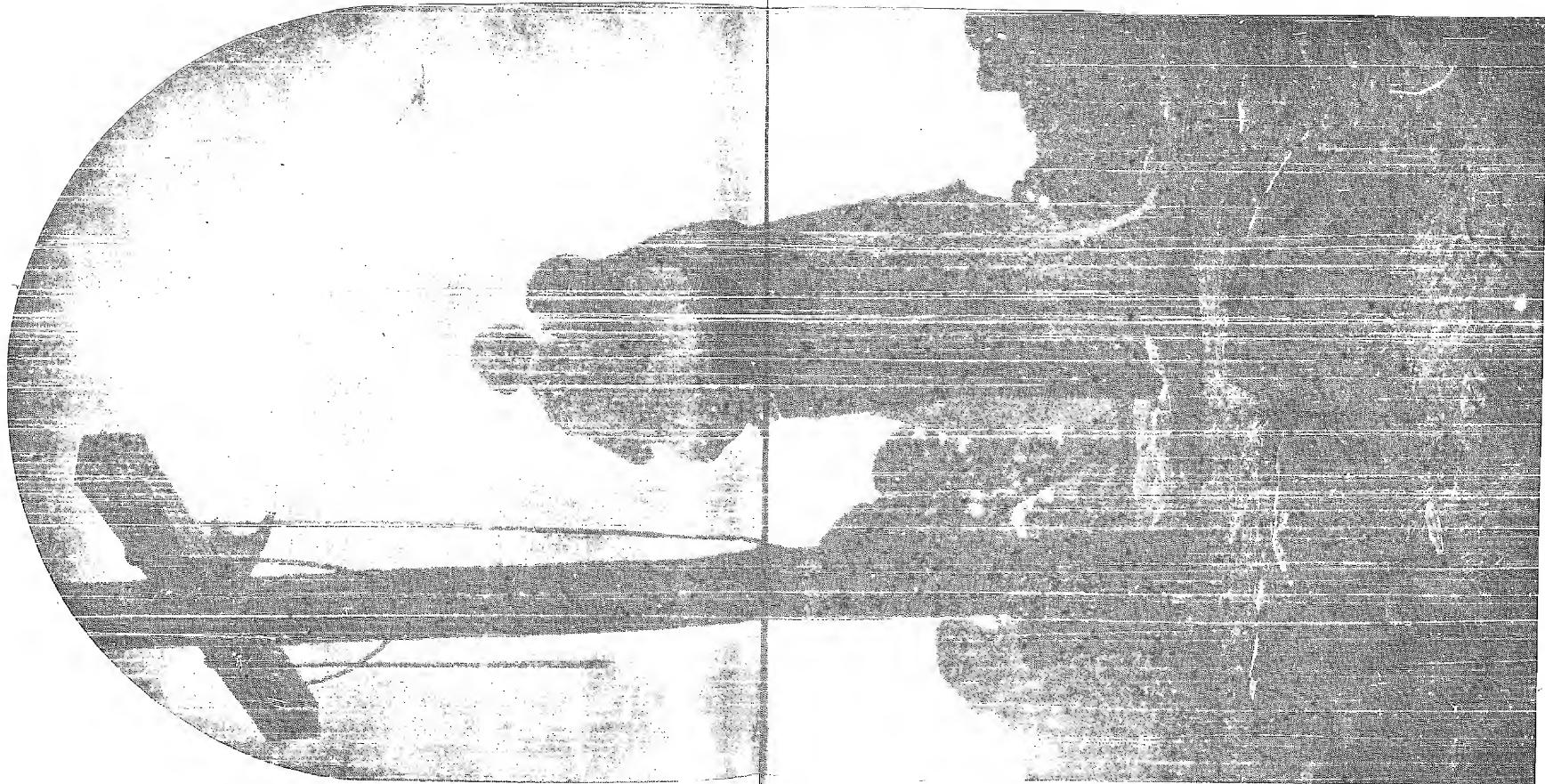
from this holy work. If these poor creatures are not rescued they become a prey upon society. Not alone are their own lives wrecked, but as human derelicts they drift over the sea of life, bringing death and ruin to many who pass along their track. Thus have these missions of rescue and prevention not only distinct claim upon the religious world, but also upon society at large. By such methods one of the most poisonous cancers in our social system is being attacked at the very roots.

A laundry has been established here, to provide work for the inmates, but even this work is curtailed, owing to the smallness of the premises, but they are praying that He who loves the erring one will move the hearts of Christian people to aid in promoting the good work, to which these earnest women have given their lives.

The Home is under the able management of Adjt. Lowrie, who is assisted by Capts. Boweron and Chapman, all of whom have the confidence and sympathy of the public.



French Hall and Quarters, St. Lawrence.



WHEREON THEY CRUCIFIED HIM.

## WORKING WOMEN'S HOME.

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed?  
Come to Me, saith One, and I will  
be at rest."

**R**EST! Ay, that is the word most precious to the weary and homeless one. Rest! A boon sought for how vainly by many a despairing soul. Happy they whose weary feet bring them to the haven of the S. A. Women's Shelter, situated on St. Antoine Street, Montreal, for there they may find rest for their body, and be gently led to the true source of rest for the soul. A mission so helpful, so Christlike, needs only to be known to elicit the practical sympathy of all lovers of God and humanity. The limitation of such a noble work for lack of necessary funds should not become possible in this city of wealth and prosperity; for, alas! poverty, and sin, and want, dwell here, too; and many upon whom misery has cast its shadow, find their way to the S. A. Home.

Let us take a glimpse at a few sad cases. Some have come from the jail. Who can describe the utter hopelessness of such poor creatures, unto whom too often

"Freedom means that they must go  
Out in the wind, and rain, and snow,  
To fight with hunger, cold, and shame."

What an untold blessing the Shelter must be to such friendless ones.

Some who are helped here have been driven hither by the merciless hand of poverty, and nearly all are bowed down by sin and sorrow.

One woman and her daughter seemed to think their only course was begging from door to door. They were given such work as they could do, and are now able to support themselves by the labor of their hands, and, better still, have found in Christ a refuge from their sins. One night a woman under the influence of drink came to the service we hold here. It was Easter Eve, and while here she found that the risen Christ had power to break the bonds of sin that held her a slave to the liquor habit.

"A few days ago," said Ensign Taylor, "an old lady was brought here who ought to have been taken to the hospital. She was very sick. I feared she would not live through the night. However, we got her well warmed, and she recovered. A young girl was also brought here under the influence of liquor; we kept her a few days, during which time she was led to the feet of Jesus."

This is merely a glance at the noble work in which the officers of the S. A. Sheltering Home are engaged. There is an average of thirty women in the Home, which is kept open all night.

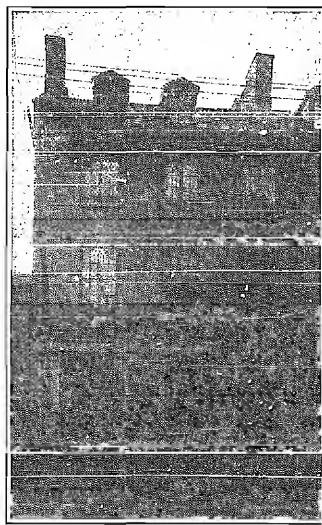
There are thirty beds. If there were more it would be a blessing to those who cannot be received for lack of accommodation.

Women pay ten cents for bed, ten cents for dinner, and five cents each for breakfast and supper.

The only qualification necessary for admission is to be "friendless and homeless." The inmates do such work as they are fitted for. Some go out cleaning by the day. Gospel services are held on Sunday afternoons and Tuesday evenings.

Ensign Taylor is in charge of this Home, assisted by Lieut. Fisher. The two officers are assisted by Sergt. Parkes, whose earnest efforts to uphold the hands of her superiors is a proof of the Army's power to discover a soldier's true vocation.

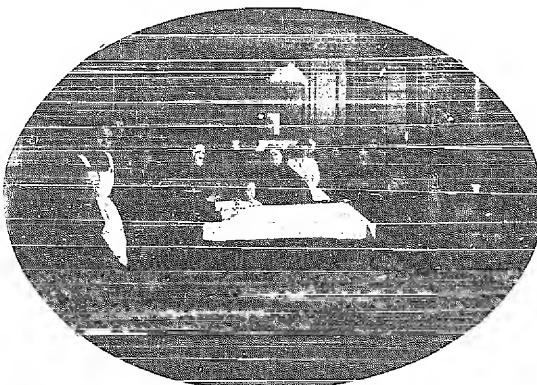
The League of Mercy regularly visits the Home and conducts bright and cheerful meetings, which go far to bring a little sunshine into gloomy lives.



Montreal Working Women's Home.

of France, who planned a town to be known as Ville-Marie de Montreal. The leader of the expedition and the Governor of the colony was the soldier Maisonneuve, whose memory is perpetuated in bronze in one of the historic spots of the city, where he gallantly met and vanquished his Indian foe. The old streets of Montreal are redolent with legends of a turbulent past—of wars with the fierce and wily aborigine, of French adventure and enterprise—for here dwelt many adventurous spirits whose names are still revered by posterity. Ville-Marie was, too, the headquarters of the great French fur-trading and exploring companies, whose operations throughout the great west extended to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains and the far-off shores of Hudson Bay. It remained under the rule of France until 1760, when Vaudreuil capitulated to General Amherst and the ancient regime came to an end. Three years later, by the treaty of Paris, France ceded Canada to Great Britain, and the French-Canadians became British subjects. The town was occupied for time, in 1775, by the Americans, under General Montgomery, who afterwards was slain in a gallant but unsuccessful assault upon Quebec.

Since that time the development and progress of the city has been continuous and rapid, until now it possesses, with its suburbs, a population of over 360,000, and boasts a wealth equalled by no other city of its size in the world.



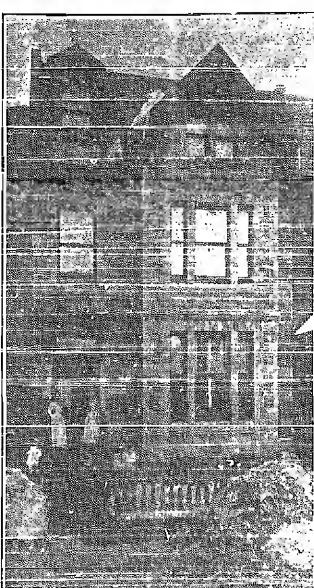
Some of Ensign Taylor's Bearders.

## THE CITY.

**M**ONTREAL is among the half-dozen historic cities of North America, where lingers that subtle charm, which only the glamor of an eventful past can bestow. When Jacques Cartier first visited the island in 1535, he found the palisaded Indian village of Hochelaga, whose very existence disappeared from all record, and whose site was utterly unknown until a few years ago, when some remains of the aboriginal inhabitants were accidentally discovered in the heart of the upper part of the city. The illustrious Champlain, the first Governor of Canada, came in 1611, and established a trading post, which he named Place Royale, on the site of the present Custom House; but it was not until May 16th, 1642, that the city was founded by a band of gallant adventurers, composed of the flower



Capt. Bowron and Some of the Children of the Rescue Home.



The Rescue Home.

## Lessons of the Resurrection.

By Lieut.-Colonel Brengic.

**I**

N the presence of the resurrection of Jesus, all other miracles pale, as do the stars before the rising sun. It is the crowning evidence that He is the Son of God, and that, "As the Father hath life in Himself; so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself," with power to destroy death, and give eternal life to them that believe in His name.

But how do we know that He was resurrected?

### By Testimony.

1. We know it by the testimony of those who saw Him—first, the women, then Peter, then the disciples on the road to Emmaus, then the other disciples, and then some 500 to whom He showed Himself, and finally Paul, as one born out of due time. Eleven times did He appear after He arose from the dead, and before He ascended into heaven. No fact of history has stronger proof than this. Again and again, under varying circumstances, and before increasing numbers of unimpeachable witnesses, did Jesus show Himself, until the last vestige of doubt that their Lord had risen vanished from the minds of the disciples; and this became the foundation fact upon which they took their stand and preached that He was the Son of God—preached with such power that their very enemies were converted by the thousands, and a great company of the priests who had consented to and demanded His death, were obedient to the faith. (Acts vi. 7.) They testified to it, they preached it, they wrote about it, they gloried in it, triumphed over all their fears, faced martyrdom joyously, and died in that faith.

### By Union.

2. We know it by the fact that though they were poor and unlearned, and despised and hated, and at first were bewildered and confounded by the death of their Master, yet the disciples were not scattered and lost, as were those of John, but were joined together in a far stronger and more vital and joyous union, after the death of Jesus, than when He was with them in the flesh.

### By Church Formation.

3. We know it by the church dating back to within fifty days of the death of Jesus, and built upon the faith that He arose from the dead. Such an institution as the Christian Church could not have been built upon a falsehood.

### By the Spirit.

4. But the most vital evidence, that which brings completest satisfaction to the heart that comes into possession of it, and confirms all other evidence, is that which is given to us individually with the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

When my friend in New York sails for Liverpool, how do I know that he has arrived safely? I know it by the telegram or letter which he sends back to me. How do I know that Jesus is not dead, but living—not buried still in Joseph's rock tomb, but risen and ascended to the right hand of the Father, where all power in heaven and earth is His? I know it by the Holy Spirit whom He has sent to me, filling my whole soul with light and love, and making me to know my risen Lord better than I knew my mother. This is the crowning evidence which He gives to them that obey Him.

The other evidences are historical and general, and are to be sifted, considered, weighed, as is the evidence of any other historical fact,

The evidence given in the baptism of the Holy Spirit is personal and living, and confirms the faith of him who receives it. The former may satisfy the head. This satisfies the heart.

The external, historical evidences are for the natural man. The inward, spiritual evidence is for the spiritual man. The first are given once and for all, are never repeated, and cannot be added to nor subtracted from. The latter is repeated as often as God can find a hungry, obedient heart that will be satisfied with nothing short of knowing Jesus, and being filled with His Spirit. It is God's new and living and eternal answer to the soul.

Some precious lessons lie on the surface of the Scriptures, but others must be digged for as for silver and gold. Some are learned in the school of devout study and meditation and prayer; some in the school of obedience; and others in the school of affliction. Some are revealed to us by a great burst of light, as of the sun shining through rifts in thick clouds, and some dawn upon us and unfold so gradually that we can hardly tell when we came into possession of them. So it is with the lessons we learn from the resurrection of Jesus.

### Immortality.

1. The first and plainest lesson we learn is that of immortality. In the presence of the risen Jesus we can confidently say, "Death does not end all. There is life beyond the grave. Hallelujah!" The tomb, for those who love Him, is but the narrow portal out of the prison-house of the body into the liberty and light and love of the Father's home.

Our loved ones die, but we do not mourn as those who have no hope. They have outstripped us in the race. They have reached home ahead of us. Their trials are past. Their warfare is accomplished. All tears are wiped from their faces. They are absent from the body, but are present with the Lord. (2 Cor. v. 8.)

They are with Jesus, and they see His face. (Phil. i. 23; Rev. xxii. 4.) By-and-by, in a very little while, if faithful unto death, we shall meet them again, and shall know each

other there and be for ever with the Lord. (1 Thess. iv. 13-18.)

2. But there is a deeper lesson than this for us to learn—one that is near home and more needful to us in the present life. The apostles labored constantly to make men see and know that the soul, while yet in the body, may enter into the resurrection power of Jesus, and rise and walk with Him in newness

of life. (Philippians iii. 10; Romans vi. 4.) As Jesus after His resurrection was freed from limitations of the fleshly body, so in Him we can now be free from the limitations of the fleshly spirit, the carnal mind; we can die to sin and be altogether spiritual and holy, and can live the life of heaven here upon earth, filled with a constant sense of God's favor, having power always to overcome sin and do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven.

Paul says we are reconciled to God by the death of Jesus, but we are saved by His life. (Rom. v. 10.) As we see Him dying for us, our enmity is conquered by His love; we surrender ourselves to Him, and we feel and know that He freely pardons the past. But as we try to live for Him, we find that we are weak and carnal, and again and again we fail until we see that only His life, His Spirit in us, can save and keep us, and then opening our hearts to Him that He may live in us, we find ourselves saved by His life, cleansed from sin, sanctified wholly, and kept by His power. Glory be to God!

As Mary's ointment filled the whole house with perfume after the alabaster box was broken, so the resurrection life and power of the crucified Jesus waits to fill all hearts that will receive Him.

### An Incident.

Four years ago, in a southern city, a brilliant young minister came to one of our holiness meetings, and, becoming deeply interested, asked me to call and see him, as he wanted much to talk with me. When I saw him he opened his heart, and told me what an awful struggle he was having with fleshly temptations, so much so that he would walk the streets almost in agony. He had been reconciled to God by the death of Jesus, but he had not yet learned that he could be saved to the uttermost by His life. But after having the way of holiness explained to him, with all the simplicity of little child, he yielded himself to Jesus, and received Him by faith into his heart, and he found himself filled with resurrection power, and saved to the uttermost.

Some weeks later he wrote me, "I have burned the last bridge behind me, and am all under the blood. Oh, what weeks these have been since I saw you, such as I never believed could be realized this side of heaven." Then he continued to write how his wife got the blessing, and a revival broke out in his church, and how all the leading members got sanctified, while many sinners and backsliders were saved. The fire continued to burn in his



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"Oh, mummie, he sobbed, and mo him they wouldn't

"They found a a weeping willow with the beautiful few more weeks the rain would co sun shone bright children, as they pink, yellow, and rolled them down



Christ Eating with His Disciples After the Resurrection.

other there and be for ever with the Lord.

heart, the life of Jesus still saved him, and a year later he wrote me that he had had a second revival in his church, with scores of people flocking to the Lord for salvation, while his own soul was dwelling in Beulah Land. Hallelujah!

His life and power is your portion, my precious comrade. Rise up in glad faith before Him, and claim it now.



# Three Basters.

BY CAPTAIN N. COOMBS.

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It was the Land of the Southern Cross. Easter Monday had dawned, and not a bit too soon for those excited children. Easter meant a holiday—no school, no lessons—and, better than that, it meant a picnic.

Long before the usual time for getting up, Bessie had crept out of bed, and raised the window blind to see what sort of a day it was.

"Hurrah, Lily," she cried, "it's going to be fine. Look at the mist. Why, we can't even see the Government House."

"Perhaps the mist means rain, and not a fine day, Bess," said Lily. "We'd better ask mother."

Somehow, if mother said it would be a fine day, no matter how hark it was, the sun came out, and, on the other hand, no matter matter how dark it was, and how hard they believed otherwise, if mother said it would rain, it generally did.

"I'm afraid it's a watery sun, dears," mother would say when they tried to make her alter her forecast by pointing out to her the sun.

This morning, however, on being awakened, and allowing herself to be dragged out of bed to look at the sky, she had grace enough to prophesy a fine day.

"But, girls," he said, "go back to bed at once; you'll be tired enough before night."

Sleep was impossible, but back to bed they went, after having called to their brothers, knocked a few times at the wall which separated their house from the next, and waited to hear their little friends answer.

It did not take long to have breakfast that morning. Five minutes were quite sufficient, and there were Alfie and Katie in the next garden ready to start.

"Mother got the Easter eggs all right," cried Katie. "You should see them! Grandma has colored them beautifully."

Having reached the park, they began to search for a nice camping spot. Over the little bridge they skipped, just stopping to assure the swans they would be back soon with some biscuits. Freddie, however, clung tightly to his mother. He did not like the swans.

"Oh, mummy, the big beaks, the big beaks," he sobbed, and mother had to pet him and tell him they wouldn't hurt him.

They found a splendid place at last, under a weeping willow. The grass was strewn with the beautiful tinted autumn leaves. A few more weeks and it would be winter, and the rain would come; but now the Australian sun shone brightly on the faces of the happy children, as they played hide-and-seek, tag, and rounders. The Easter eggs—green, blue, pink, yellow, and red—looked fine, and they rolled them down the grassy slopes, and then

rolled after them. By the time the eggs were cracked, dinner was ready, and they soon disappeared down the children's throats.

Then mother told them stories, and, just before it was time to go home, the great Easter story was repeated, and, although it was not new to them, they listened intently.

"What do you mean to be when you grow up, Alf?" asked Bessie.

"Oh, I'm going to be a man who works at telephones and bells," Alf replied.

"I'm doin' to be a carpenter," announced Fred.

"And I," said Bessie, "when I grow up

"Oh, I don't want to," Bessie answered. "Dear Jesus, I'll be an officer when I grow up, but I needn't be a Corps-Cadet now, need I?"

Still the message came, "Follow Me, wheresoever I lead."

"But I should have to go to the open-airs, and speak, and then perhaps the schoolgirls would see me, and they would tease me. I should have to wear the Corps-Cadet Badge, too. Oh, I can't," and Bessie's head hung lower still.

Hark! What chorus was that they were singing?

"Dark Gethsemane, darker Calvary,  
Surely Jesus suffered this for me;  
Bore the mocking jeer, faced the angry sneer,  
Jesus, dare I suffer this for Thee?"

That settled the conflict in Bessie's heart. Directly the meeting was over she went to the Captain and asked for Corps-Cadet's Forms, and when she got home she wrote to her father and mother, telling them what she had done. "I couldn't really keep from being a Corps-Cadet when I thought of all the Lord had done for me," she said to herself, and a great peace came into her heart, for she knew that the risen Christ was pleased with her offering.

♦ ♦ ♦  
The sun had again risen on an Easter Sunday morning, and shone full on Bessie's happy face, as, awakening by the

Training Home whistle, she sprang out of bed and quickly dressed.

Then, kneeling down, she committed herself to God's keeping for that day.

Knee-drill and breakfast over, she, in company with other Cadets, started out for her corps. The girls looked happy, and felt even happier than they looked, but none felt happier than Bessie.

How they worked that day! In the indoor meetings and the open-airs they did their best to turn the minds of the people to the risen Saviour, and they saw conviction written on the faces of many. Once when Bessie was pleading with them a man entered the ring, walked up to her, shook her hand, and, with tears running down his cheeks, said:

"I can't stand this any longer, sister. You're right and I'm wrong."

How they prayed that God's Spirit would follow Him.

As Bessie walked home at night she felt tired in body, though happy at heart, for she had learned that an officer's life was not one long picnic. It meant hard toil and heartache and steady plodding. She had also found that a life spent in helping others was far happier than a life spent in pleasing self.

"I'm glad I am going to be an officer," she said to her comrade-Cadet. "Think what an honor it is to be one of God's messengers, and to be able to tell these people the Lord died and rose again to free them from their sins."

And before Bessie laid her head on her pillow at night, she thanked God that four of the children who had played together on that Easter Monday with their Easter Eggs, were on the road of officership, and the others were following.—N. E. C.

Ring, joyous bells of Easter,  
Death hath not conquered life;  
Victorious is our risen Lord.  
And finished all the strife.  
From Calvary's mount of darkness,  
Lo! starry lilies bloom;  
For by the cross we conquer,  
And fearless face the tomb.  
—Margaret E. Sangster.

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"Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning."—Faber.

**T**HE subject of my narrative, whom we shall call John E., is a native of Penrith, England. His parents were godly people, but as is customary in the Old Land, he left home at the early age of eleven to do for himself, and, like most boys, too much liberty and lack of parental restraint turned his head, and he went in for all sorts of vice with ungodly companions, learning to drink and smoke and indulge in all sorts of evil.

One evening he and a companion, hearing of some revival services that were being conducted by a lady evangelist in Penrith, determined to attend them—not for the good they might get, oh, no; but this seemed a fine opportunity to have some sport. The evening was a very wet and sloppy one; therefore, when they reached the hall they found very few people in, and there was very little chance of doing much mischief. So they made up their minds to go again. They were the next night, and continued to attend the meetings regularly for a week without the services making the least impression upon John.

One night, walking down street with his father, he hapened to mention that he had been to the revival services, and his father turned to him and said, "My boy, I am praying for you."

These words cut him like a knife and made him feel very miserable. He still went to the revival meetings, and, sitting at the back of the hall, one night he saw the evangelist come down and speak to different people. "Oh, my," thought John, "I wish I were out of here. I hope she does not come to speak to me." Almost the next moment the lady was beside him. His head went down on the back of a seat and he smothered the oath that rose to his lips. What the lady said he did not hear, but as she left him she put her hand on his shoulder and spoke a heart-felt "God bless you." John rushed from the meeting, but again and again that simple "God bless you," rang in his ears. "There must be something in that lady's religion," he thought; "she must really care for my soul."

He tried to get relief and pardon by praying in his own room, but the penitent form used to loom up before him until at last he could stand it no longer, and said, "All right, Lord, I'll go anywhere if You'll only save me." Next night, when the invitation was given, John's hand was the first to be raised for prayer, and then and there the burden of sin rose from his heart and he became a "new creature in Christ Jesus."

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**W**e next find John in Canada on a farm in the Northwest. He is still a follower of the Lord Jesus, but is following Him "afar off." His experience is a rather cloudy one, filled with many doubts and fears. John felt there was something in religion that he had not yet attained to; struggle and pray as he might the light did not seem to come.

He fell very sick, and, although on the very brink of the river, had no concern about his soul. He almost doubted that there was a God, seeing he had sought for Him so long and so earnestly and had been disappointed.

However, he got no better, and went to another part of the country, where he became friends with a minister, to whom he told something of his longings after a better life and a deeper knowledge of God.

The minister seemed quite surprised and said, "Why, you must be all right; you have more liberty than most people."

This did not satisfy John, and he continued his struggling and wrestling after God.

One day he went alone into the barn, and there among the hay, God came to him in a way he had never felt before, flooding his soul with peace and happiness. He became sanctified, although at the time he did not understand what that blessing meant. His friends could not understand the change which had taken place, and thought he had gone crazy; but the struggling was past and he had found that which he had been so earnestly seeking.

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**A** GREAT passion for souls now filled John's heart which made him feel he must do something for the souls of those around him—he must go out and preach the Gospel. So he and a companion started to visit lumber camps in the Northwest, where they preached and did all they could to get the men converted. They also held meetings in schoolhouses, on the streets, or anywhere they could get a hearing. God blessed their efforts and many souls were saved, but John still wondered if God had not some definite place for him to fill, more than simply getting people to the penitent form, and having to leave them to the mercy of wolves.

His wanderings brought him to the Eastern States, and it was here that he received a very definite call from God in a remarkable dream. We will give it to the reader in his own words:

"In my dream I thought the Son of God had come back to earth, not to remain, but to see how His work was going on, and when I heard He was here I was very desirous to see Him before He returned to heaven again. I heard He was going back from the top of a certain mountain, and I went at once to find the place. At the top I found a little, plain, one-roomed shanty. I went to the room and there found the eleven apostles. From their conversation I learned they were expecting someone. In a few moments the door opened and into our midst came the Son of God. His form was so dazzling I could scarcely look upon it, but I never took my eyes from Him. He spoke a few words to those present and then turned and went out. I followed quickly, as I was anxious to see Him go back to heaven, but when I went out He seemed to have suddenly vanished until I espied Him far down the mountain. I followed with all possible speed and when I got to within a few yards of Him He held up His hand to me to stop, and gave me to understand I could go no farther, but must first finish my work. He had a white flag in His hand, and I then found that I carried a colored flag in mine. He waved His flag to me, and I waved mine in answer back. He then directed me to go back up the mountain in another direction until I would meet a woman who would tell me where and what my work should be. As He waved me a farewell a great wave of love seemed to sweep from Him to me, thrilling me through and through.

"I turned and commenced to climb the mountain again, and on reaching the top found a door, at which I knocked, and was admitted by a woman, to whom I stated my case. She pointed to a certain piece of work she wanted me to do. There I found all kinds

of people working, but so few seemed to have any real interest in the work that my heart was heavy at their indifference.

"I awoke from my dream, and it seemed to me that the room was filled with the glory of God. I began to pray and asked God to reveal to me what His will toward me was, and these words flashed across my mind, 'Preach the word of God boldly.'

"I went out on the same street corner where we had stood the night before, and although the crowd was twice as large, never did I feel the power of God so strong. From that time I knew the Lord had a definite work for me to do, although I could not then see where it was or what it was.

Up to this time I had not met the Salvation Army, but I went from the Eastern States to St. John, N.B., where, for the first time, I came in contact with the S. A. I attended their meetings for a time, and then became a soldier, and went on to make application for officership, was accepted, and came to the Training College in Toronto. At the close of my term of training I received from Miss Booth my commission to work as an officer under the tri-colored flag of the Salvation Army. Thus my dream was fulfilled, and I have never for an instant doubted God's call to me through my strange dream."

To-day John is a successful officer in the Salvation Army, being used by God in a more than ordinary way to bring souls to Him. He is happy and quite satisfied that he is in his right place.

## Stories of Our Prison Work.

(Continued from page 7.)

Life. How he came thither, how the fire ignited, whence its cause, he could tell nothing. Only that as the neighborhood had suffered alike disasters on several recent occasions, the farmers were naturally enraged and demanded a just punishment to the offender. All the circumstances of the case pointed to him. Perhaps, indeed, it was a spark from his pipe, or match, which the wind had fanned to ignite the barn, but of it he was totally unconscious.

Anyhow, sentence was passed, an example made, and the long years told their tale of bitterness to this man.

Yet in the prison cell God's messenger brought glad tidings of salvation upon repentance of all who will avail themselves of Christ's sacrifice for sin. He accepted it, believed it, and began to live a new life, despite prison bolts and bars.

Brigadier Archibald then set to work to ferret out his family and relatives. But the old man had out-lived all, save one sister, who was living with her husband on their farm in Michigan, U.S.A.

She was communicated with. Supposing pardon could be obtained, was she willing to receive and to care for her poor old brother, now a converted man?

Yes, she was willing, and her husband would give him such work as he could do upon the farm.

The whole case was then laid before the Minister of Justice, to be treated upon its merits.

Just before Christmas a wire came to Brigadier Archibald that the old man would be pardoned on Christmas Day, and he might escort him at once to his sister.

Can you imagine the joy that thrilled those hearts as Christmas morning dawned?

The old man, overcome with emotion and gratitude which his words could not express, nor mind clothe with suitable language.

The sister, who had mourned each member of the old home circle as dead, but this one prodigal to whom the living death of a lifetime in a penitentiary was almost less welcome than death itself.

The Brigadier, whose personal taste for Christmas joy and cheer was swallowed up in the larger enjoyment and delight of accompanying the old man to his future home, where he would be loved, surrounded by comfort, and screened from temptation, till the last summons should come.

"I wish they sniffed, turning a breeze." "Oh, if

But it was our neighbor miles from Irish thing some of the was Sister Tillie.

A whistle, an Harry Chester, a cyclonic possibility Salvationist into walk, as he with spring sunshine and apologies for about the day, a two felt like old step and talking

"I've often seen some women we and then said qu

"Yes, 'Sisters same, the same God's children."

"I'm a Christian I'm to be confirmed over

"Oh, yes; now hear your name derful boy soprano yourself to the L your voice; it is s

"Of course he c know. By this Harry's home, an eager invitation to

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Just Before Our

SCM "Stories of Our Prison

## ON EASTER DAY.

SPRING days were coming on. There was a new blue in the sky as if the April rains were already here, and had washed them into fresher beauty. A brave robin was singing from a tree that meant to build very soon. There was a distinct smell of something like new grass in the air, and Sister Tillie—if she ever had a more formal name only her mother could tell—was on an errand to a beautiful suburb of the great city.

"I wish they could all smell this air," she sniffed, turning her face about to the fragrant breeze. "Oh, if I could only give them such a treat."

But it was out of the question, for "they" were a neighborhood of poor people living miles from fresh air and sunshine. The fairest thing some of them saw with their tired eyes was Sister Tillie's own sweet face.

A whistle, an impetuous rush, a collision, Harry Chester, fourteen years old and full of cyclonic possibilities, almost sent the musing Salvationist into a puddle of water by the walk, as he whirled along jubilantly in the spring sunshine. He was a gentlemanly lad, and apologies followed, then a pleasant word about the day, a question, an answer, and the two felt like old friends, walking along in step and talking fast.

"I've often wondered," said the boy, "why some women wear those bonnets. I did not know they were—." He paused for a word, and then said questioningly, "Sisters?"

"Yes, 'Sister's' will do; we belong to the same, the same church and work together for God's children. And you?"

"I'm a Christian, too," he nodded brightly. "I'm to be confirmed this Easter, in that grey stone church o'er there."

"Oh, yes; now I know. I was sure I had heard your name before. You are the wonderful boy soprano, and you are going to give yourself to the Lord on Easter—yourself and your voice; is it so?"

Of course he does. It was his first, you know. By this time they were passing Harry's home, and Sister Tillie accepted his eager invitation to enter and meet his sister.

"Mother is in heaven," he said quietly, and

the visitor noted the mourning gown of the fair-haired girl. The three had a most interesting time. Sister Tillie did much of the talking, for here were two who knew nothing about Salvation Army work, but were ready with warm sympathy.

"I often wish I knew more about such work. Since we came west we have always lived in the suburbs, and mother needed my constant care, before that I was too little to work. I want Harry to learn how to help people, but I hardly know how to begin."

"So you want to know? Will you let me?"

Eager answers followed the eager questions, and when Sister Tillie left the house an hour later there was a compact between the three that seemed to make them each very happy.

That night Sister Tillie wrote in a diary she kept "to the praise of grace," "I never yet earnestly desired a good thing of the Lord that He did not hear. My poor people are to have an Easter." \* \* \*

Down in the very heart of slumdom was a big, empty warehouse. The day before Easter two Salvation Sisters stood just inside the door, with a red-faced man, who answered their questions and propositions with an air of scornful tolerance.

"I don't see nothin' to hinder, but whatever you think you can do here for anybody I don't see. Me come? Oh, yes; I'll come—you might carry off the buildin'" and he laughed coarsely down at the two gentle ones before him. But something in their faces touched him in spite of himself, and his voice softened. He sighed impatiently—when had Beer-Keg McBry ever sighed before? "Just tend to your knittin'; I'll see to things. Come to think of it, there's a matter of a hundred chais I can get if you don't mind them coming out of a beer hall. All right, all right, I'll fix you up. Just scatter your bits of card around. Salvation folks, aren't you? Well, you don't do no harm. All right, all right. Queer business for Beer-Keg, but there's always queer doings when women gets pious."

There was never a lovelier Easter, so far as weather was concerned—robins, sunshine, budding trees, happy faces—one did not need the calendar to know what time of the year it was.

In the grey stone church in the quiet suburb the impressive confirmation service of the Episcopalians was in progress. Among the candidates was Harry Chester, the boy soprano, who was more widely known every week for the rare singing that was his gift.

It seemed very wonderful to his boyish thought that he could give Christ anything, and when the bishop blessed him, tears rolled down his cheeks as he tried to follow the solemn words with all his heart.

At the same hour, her hands full of flowers, her earnest face flushed but radiant, Sister Tillie was making "the rounds" of one of the worst districts of the city. She had been making that round now for a year, and had many friends there.

"You must all come. It is my service entirely, and I have a treat for you. Yes, you must come, William, and bring your wife. Just keep her out of the saloon this once, won't you? And bring baby. Why, Easter was made for the little ones, I am sure."

"You will be there, Maggie? Just across the street. I will meet you at the door myself."

"Tessy, child, if you come I will give you a seat right beside me, but in front."

"Grandma, it is so near and no stairs to climb. If you will, I will have Tom carry your rocker over for you."

So Sister Tillie went from door to door, from room to room, from cellar to attic and all to court.

A noisy tide of people set in toward the open door of the warehouse, profane, coarse people, men, women, children—God's sinning, sinned against, people.

At the door stood Sister Tillie and a Sal-

vationist comrade. On the steps stood Beer-Keg McBry. No policeman was on hand, though one whose beat lay that way politely volunteered to look after "any miscreant," but Sister Tillie did not propose to have the scene "spoiled" by a bluecoat unless he came in unofficially with "the rest of the sinners."

A carriage drove up to the door—a carriage load of Easter lilies, it appeared to be—but Harry was there and his sister.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Praise the good Lord I" exclaimed Sister Tillie, forgetting her guests entirely for the moment. "Just look! I prayed for a bright Easter, but I never thought of this! Everyone can have a flower."

Harry Chester was there to make his first free-will offering of his song gift to the Master.

Out of very curiosity, the assembled crowd hushed its noisy din when a boy of fourteen, with a face unmarred by sin and selfishness, stood quickly before them. He was used to crowds, but not to this kind of a crowd. His face paled and flushed. Then he remembered the vows of the morning and a great joy surged over his countenance. "I am going to sing to you about Jesus," he said in clear tones. "Jesus loves us, and this is the day of His resurrection."

Some one at the rear of the room started a rude laugh, but Beer-Keg McBry's fist cut it off short.

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shall be."

The melody floated through the open windows and made Easter-time for slumdom. Into the murmur of appreciation the voice of Sister Tillie followed, telling "her people" the story of the resurrection. Then the boy sang again, and yet again.

"Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won;  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more."

What is the matter at the door? A policeman needed? Someone drunk? No! No! It is only Beer-Keg McBry, weeping. He had heard that last song before—in the old home at the village church, before sin had torn and shaken and spoiled him.

"Oh! God! Have mercy—have mercy—have mercy!"

The singer was frightened. He was not used to such things.

"Never mind, dear," whispered Sister Tillie, hurriedly. "Nothing will hurt us. Just sing on—keep singing. I'll take care of the poor man. He is under conviction."

"Under conviction?" The boy did not understand the Army phrase, but he opened his mouth and sang:

"Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,  
For Jesus hath risen and man cannot die."

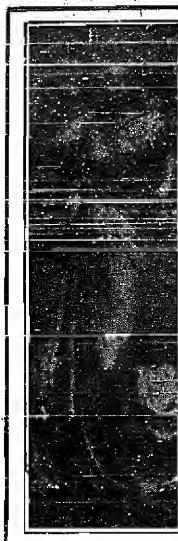
And then, when the song was finished McBry was kneeling by the rude table among the lilies. The crowd was awed into stillness and the Salvationist prayed, and Easter had come to slumdom.

Not many years afterwards, in a clean, bright room, where the old warehouse stood, two men stood side by side before a great audience of people. It was "McBry's Mission." Big, kind McBry, the people called him now. It was Easter day. The younger of the two men was going to sing.

"Now, you have heard the story, friends," said big, kind McBry. "The Salvationists are not here, God bless them, but here is Harry, the boy who gave his voice to God and sang me into glory! Listen! He is going to sing the same hymn he sang that day." And the young man sang:

"Love's redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the victory won;  
Jesus' agony is o'er,  
Darkness veils the earth no more."

And that day many souls in slumdom rose from the grave of sin to the glory of a new life in Christ Jesus.



Just Before Christmas a Pardon Arrived.  
From "Stories of Our People Work," p. 14.



# EASTER ANTHEMS

## THE WONDROUS CROSS.

Tunes.—It was on the Cross (N.B.B. 8); Thy Will be Done (N.B.B. 18).

**1** When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm my most  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—

By Staff-Capt. Ruth Tracy.

Tune.—Down at the Cross. Oppressed  
with Grief and Shame.

Tune of Chorus.—

I do believe Thy blood, for me was spilt;  
Oh, wash me in its cleansing from all  
my guilt.

**2** Down in the earth, beneath a  
shroud of snow,  
Silently sleep alone the seeds and  
roots,  
Never a sound or movement do they  
know,  
Never a promise give of flowers or  
fruits.

Chorus.

I do believe that Jesus, who was slain,  
Rose from the dead—for in my heart  
He lives again. (Repeat.)

Under a heavy weight of guilt I lay,  
Never a gleam of light my heart  
could find;  
Was there a hand could lift the load  
away,  
A warmth that could sin's icy chain  
unbind?

Listen! His promise comes. He will  
refresh,  
As, in the spring, life wakes from  
sleeping earth,  
As falls from heaven the soft, refresh-  
ing dew,  
As peep the budding flowers in joy-  
ous birth.

So shall the Sun of Righteousness arise,  
Over the darkness of my sleeping  
heart,  
Opening wide, at last, my spirit's eyes,  
Bidding the wintry frost of sin de-  
part.

Saviour, I lift my Easter prayer to  
Thee,  
Thou, who the world of nature doth  
control,

Let my poor heart a fruitful garden be,  
Teach me to keep the vineyard of  
my soul.

Hunger, heart-hunger, meets me every-  
where,

Lives that are dark, and 'neath great  
burdens weigh'd;

Fruits of the Spirit, Master, let me  
bear,  
Bless me, that I a blessing may be  
made.

Save me from falling back to sleep  
again,  
Keep from my soul the chilling blasts  
of sin,

Let Easter light and life with me re-  
main,  
Through the Gates of Day, I  
enter in.

—

THAT WANDERER WAS I.

By R. D. K., Winnipeg.  
Tune.—Auld Lang Syne.

**3** A wanderer to the Saviour turned,  
When hope had almost gone;  
The Saviour listened to his prayer,  
Peace gave this prodigal son.

His sins forgiven, his soul set free,  
An heir to mansions bright;

That's why he prays and sings with  
glee,

And dares to do the right.

That wanderer was I!

Let joy-bells ring, hosannas sing,

That wanderer was I!

A wanderer with the Saviour walked,  
His promises fulfilled,  
The Saviour constantly his guide,  
His soul with rapture thrilled.

And now each day he loves to pray,

In Him is shown God's might;

He tells to all, "Christ now can save,

He's Truth, the Way, the Light."

—

CALVARY.

Tune.—Beautiful River.

By Capt. Chislett, Parry Sound, Ont.

**4** The Sufferings of Jesus, my Sav-  
iour, on Calvary,  
Who died on the tree for a sinner  
like me,

Despising the shame for the joy set  
before Him,

"Twas love, boundless love, a ransom  
for me.

Good news for the sinner, His blood is  
still flowing,

A fountain so deep that all may  
plunge in,

Our blessed Redeemer will from sin  
now free thee.

Oh, kneel at His cross, He'll pardon  
your sin.

Although He was crucified, yet He has  
risen,

Now reigning in Glory at the Father's  
right hand,

There now He is pleading—you may be  
forgiven;

Repent, start at once for Canaan's  
bright land.

## "TWAS AT THE CROSS.

By F. Ibbotson, Temple Corps.

Tunes.—What a Friend We Have; Let  
Us Gather Up the Sunbeams,

**5** I'm so glad I came to Jesus,

For He washed my sins away;

It was at the cross, while kneeling

There I heard the Saviour say:

"Thy iniquity is pardoned,

Go in peace and sin no more."

Then the peace oh, how it thrilled me,

All my sinnings, they were o'er,

—

Chorus.

"Twas at the cross while kneeling,

"Twas at the cross while kneeling,

"Twas at the cross while kneeling,

Jesus washed my sins away.

—

I'm so glad the Saviour called me

From the regions of despair,

When so sunk in degradation

I was wandering, God knows where;

Such a sin-polluted wretch,

Of the very vilest kind,

But I came to Christ, my Saviour,

And such peace I there did find.

—

What a joy to live for Jesus

As the days are passing by;

What a joy to know you're ready

If it be your lot to die,

You will not be then departing,

For you sought the Lord in time;

You will leave a gladdened message

To the loved ones left behind.

—

A RANSOM FOR THE WORLD.

By C. W. M. G., Moose Jaw, N.W.T.

Tune.—Bringing in the Sheaves.

**6** Ever new the story,

Christ, the King of Glory,

Came to earth to be

A ransom for the world;

Hope for every nation;

Pack of our salvation;

By His freedom's banner

Now in wide unfurled.

—

Chorus.

Glory to His name!

Glory to His name!

He of praise is worthy,

Glory to His name!

—

Let us come before Him,

Kneeling to adore H.m.,

Giving Him our homage,

For it is His due;

Hearts and voices raising,

Our Redeemer praising,

Bringing HIm our lives, and

Faithful service, too.

—

Love beyond all telling,

Other loves excelling,

Higher than the heavens,

Deeper than the sea;

Grateful praises render,

For His mercy tender,

And His matchless grace,

In setting sinners free.